

1771
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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. **H A R L E Y**

*Abes jam nimium diu :
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio, redi. Hor.*



ONCE more, by You inspir'd, my Muse
Her long neglected Arts renews ;
Striving ambitiously to raise
Her humble Strains in lofty Praise.

You, who by *ANNA*'s Order lay
Each Scheme, and *Britain's* Conduct weigh ;
Concert Wise Councils, Laws prepare,
And with new Aids supply the War ;
May frown to see these Lines intrude,
And interrupt the Publick Good ;
And while new Cares Your Thoughts require,
Doom the vain Trifle to the Fire.

More lasting Volumes are decreed,
And late Posterity shall read ;
How Wisest **HARLEY** shar'd the Weight
Of *Britain's* War, and *Europe's* Fate :
How anxious to preserve the Crown,
He for its Peace forgot His Own,
Easing Religion's Holy Fears ;
And form'd a Course of better Years.

You

You glad we see in highest Place,
Whom we admir'd in *ANNA*'s Grace,
Consulted, when obscur'd, whose Breast
In Virtue finds an equal Rest.

Now, watchful against *Britan*'s Foes,
Th' insidious Rebel to disclose,
Unmov'd You feel the pointed Knife;
But Heav'n preserves the Patriot's Life.

The great Deliv'rance shall increase
His Fame, who seeks his Country's Peace:
Cesar, not so, the *Pontard* found
And strove, in vain, against the Wound;
The Victor fell beneath the Blow,
Who durst the *Roman* Laws overthrow.

Opprobrious Fraud, and Treason foul
Deform'd with Guilt black *Guiscard*'s Soul;
Impious against the Crown, that fed
His Want, the Villain, where he fled,
Hardning, in Refuge moves revolt.
So *Satan* secret in Assault
Transform'd, and seeking to deceive
Lurks unobserv'd to slumbering *Eve*;
But touch'd by high *Ithuriel*'s Spear,
Enrag'd Attempts *Cœlestial* War.

With Guile th' audacious Traytor prest,
And to the Court vain Arts address;
O Heav'n! thro' insolent Despair
Implor'd great *ANNA*'s Royal Ear;
The Destin'd Blow Your Counsels ward,
And *ANNA*'s Prayers, a double Guard!

The Deed the Senate weighs with Dread;
 Addresses guard the Royal Head:

ANNA their timely Fear approves,
 The Saint, who all our Ills removes,
 Grieves for the Guardian of Her Throne,
 And in His Danger sees Her own.

Her healing Words thy Faith attest,
 And more than ease thy wounded Breast;
 Columns of Stone, or Statues cast,
 Not more Adorn; or longer last,
 Than Praises from the sacred Throne;
 And Princely Cares for Merit shewn.

New Honour Publick Votes prepare;
 Your wish'd Return, the Senate's Care;
 Where safer Laws Your Worth shall shew,
 And flourish from the Patriot's Blow.

Such Labours Noble Pens require;
 Too high they mock my humble Lyre,
 Which flags beneath, unapt for Praise,
 And lessens what it cannot raise.

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